

THE CITIZEN.

T. G. PASCO, Editor and Manager.

BEREA, KENTUCKY

MAN-EATING LIONS.

Further Facts About Their Ravages Among Railroad Builders in East Africa.

Some further facts have been received about the man-eating lions which made such a panic among 4,000 Indian coolies working on the Uganda railroad a few months ago. It appears that the first time the laborers knew anything about lions that make a business of killing men to eat was one day when one of the brutes, in broad daylight, as the laborers were strong along the line with shovels in hand, suddenly sprang in among them, crushed one poor fellow's skull with a terrible blow of his paw and maimed another so badly that he could not get away. Of course, all the horrified workmen took to their heels and raised the alarm at the camp a mile away. The district engineer and his assistant at once went to the spot, but the lion had disappeared, leaving all of the two bodies he could not eat at one meal.

After that an armed guard was kept along the line of work, but it made little difference to the animals that were determined to have men to eat. They would spring like a flash out of the jungle, seize a man and bear him off beyond pursuit. Two days after the first man was killed another man was taken, and the next day another disappeared, and within a fortnight 11 men had been seized, all from one camp. The third week brought the list of victims up to 15. The sixteenth victim was one of the coolie overseers, a huge man, standing over six feet and weighing more than 200 pounds. He was the first man to reach the work line in the morning, and just as he was giving some instructions a lion sprang upon him and dealt him a terrible blow on the head, crushing the skull. Then he coolly began to eat his prey, while the shivering Indians stood about 300 feet away feeling that they were safe now that the lion had got his man. Somehow it didn't occur to them to shoot till the brute had half finished his meal, and then they blazed away in a terrific volley and ended the animal's career then and there.

It was not till 28 coolies had been killed that the large force of workmen went on strike. They declined to do another bit of work till all the man-eaters had been cleared out of the surrounding country. Work was suspended till a party of hunters had laid low the last of these formidable foes of man, and since then no further casualties of the sort have been reported.

—N. Y. Sun.

ALL COMING HERE.

Rich American Collectors Are Fast Stripping England of Her Rare Books.

American book collecting millionaires are rapidly denuding this country of her oldest and most precious volumes. Two years ago the great Shakespeare collection formed by Mr. Halliwell-Phillips, the biographer of Martin J. Perry, of Rhode Island. A short time ago the most extensive collection of works from which Shakespeare is believed to have drawn inspiration for many of his plays, or in which references were made to him, ever got together met with a similar fate. They were actually catalogued for sale by the open market, but the deep-pursed collector from America stepped in and made an offer for the collection en bloc, which proved irresistible. And now one of the choicest libraries in the hands of a private English collector has been transferred to the United States. The late James Toovey, of Piccadilly, was an enthusiastic yet judicious bibliophile, whose particular hobby may be said to have been productions of the early English printers. His library was particularly rich in these works, two of the greatest treasures being a fine copy of the extremely rare "Boke of St. Albans," and the magnificent specimen of the first folio Shakespeare which at one time belonged to Sir Robert Sidney, earl of Leicester. All these works, together with the many splendid examples of bindings by the most eminent masters of France, Italy and England, which found a place in the library, have been sold to a wealthy American by C. J. Toovey. The price paid for the acquisition is said to run well into five figures.

Those interested in the social customs of British high life will be curious to learn that at the recent wedding of Lewis Vernon Harcourt and Miss Ethel Burns in London the presents to the bridegroom greatly outnumbered those to the bride. The list of the bridegroom's presents began with those presented by the bride, as follows: A crocodile leather suit case with gold-crested mountings, a large and rare "star ruby" pin, single pearl pin, set of waistcoat buttons and sleeve links in gold with turquoise centers, large turquoise solitaire stud surrounded with brilliant, silver card case.—London Letter.

John Knew His Business. It was just past midnight. "John," whispered to his wife, in a hushed voice, "John, wake up, there is a burglar downstairs." John jumped from his bed and hastily rushed out of the room. Mrs. John goes to the door, and hearing nothing, calls out: "John, where are you?" "Here I am," came a voice from above. "What are you doing up there in the attic?" "Confound you, woman, didn't you say there were burglars downstairs?"—The Blue.



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CHAPTER I.

A BOLT FROM THE BLUE.

"I do not drink with a thief!"

D'Entraques spoke in clear, distinct tones, that rose above the hum of voices, and everyone caught the words. In an instant the room was still. The laughter on all faces died away, leaving them grave; and twenty pairs of curious eyes, and twenty curious faces, were turned toward us. It was so sudden, so unexpected, this jarring discord in our harmony, that it felt as if a bolt from a mangled, or a shot from one of Messer Novara's new guns, had dropped in amongst us. Even that, I take it, would have caused less surprise, although for the present there was a truce in the land. Prospero Colonna turned half round in his seat and looked at me. Our host and commander, old Ives d'Allegre, who was pouring himself out a glass of white vermouth, held the decanter in mid air, an expression of blank amazement in his blue eyes. Even the Englishman, Hawkwood, who sat next to me, was startled out of his habitual calm. Every eye was on us, on me where I sat dazed, and on D'Entraques, who was leaning back lightly, a forced smile on his face, the fingers of one hand playing with the empty glass before him, whilst with the other he slowly twisted his long red mustache. I was completely taken aback. Only that afternoon I parted from D'Entraques, apparently on the heat of terms. We had played together and he had won my crown. It is true he was not paid in full at the time; but he knew the word of a Savelli. On leaving, Mme. D'Entraques asked me to join her hawking party for the morning, and he urged the invitation. I accepted, and backed my new peregrine against D'Entraques' old hawk Bibbo for ten crowns, the best of three flights, and the wager was taken. Never, indeed, had I known him so cordial. I did not like the man, but for his wife's sake was friendly to him. Of a truth, there were few of the youngsters in Tremouille's camp who were not in love with her, and some of us older fellows too, though we hid our feelings better. I was grateful to Madame. She had been kind to me after the affair of San Miniato, when a Florentine pique somehow found its way through my breastplate. Indeed, I may say I owed my recovery to her nursing. In return I had been of some service to her in the retreat up the valley of the Taro, after Fornovo—she called it saving her life. In this manner a friendship sprang up between us which was increased by the opportunities we had of meeting whilst the army lay inactive before Arezzo. Long years of camp life made me fully appreciate the society of a woman, remarkable alike for her beauty and her talent; and she, on the other hand, felt for me, I was sure, only that friendship which it is possible for a good woman to hold for a man who is not her husband.

I do not for one moment mean to imply that Doris D'Entraques was perfection. I knew her to be wayward and rash, sometimes foolish, if you will; but with a pure woman. I soon found she was unhappy, and in time she got into a way of confiding her troubles to me, and they were not a few, for D'Entraques was what all men knew him to be. Finding that I could be of help to Madame, I avoided all difference with the husband, and for her sake was, as I have said, friendly to him. Perhaps my course of action was not prudent; but who is there amongst us who is always guided by the head? At any rate, I expiated my fault, and paid the price of my folly to the end of the measure.

As I sat in the now silent supper-room with the man's buzz in my ears, a curious recollection of a scene that occurred about a month ago came back to me. Madame and I had overindulged ourselves hawking, and I had dismissed at her request and gathered for her a posy of yellow cornflowers and scarlet anemones. This, in her quick, impulsive way, she held to her husband's face when we met him, a half league or so on our way back, saying: "See what lovely flowers Di Savelli has given me!" He snatched them from her hand, and flung them under his horse with an oath, adding something which I did not catch. Madame flushed crimson, and the incident ended there, for I did not care to press the matter.

It all came back to me now, in the oddest manner, as I sat staring at D'Entraques. He had come in late to the supper, and, after greeting D'Allegre, slipped into the seat opposite me in silence. Across him two men were discussing a series of thefts that had recently disturbed us. They were not common thefts, such as are of daily occurrence in a military camp; but were the work of some one both daring and enterprising. Even then the matter would not have attracted the attention it did but for the loss of a ruby earring by Duchess de la Tremouille, which, besides its intrinsic value, was the gift of a king. Mme. de la Tremouille married at the court, and the duke, as the matter touched him, was leaving no stone unturned to find the thief. It had come to be that every robbery in the camp was put down to this same light-fingered gentleman; and Visconti, one of the two men who were discussing the question, was loudly lamenting the loss of a rare medallion of which he had just been relieved. Through their conversation D'Entraques, though once or twice addressed, spoke no word, but maintained a moody silence. When the wine was circling round I, being warmed, and wishing to stand well with the husband of Madame, made some rallying allusion to our match for the morning, and offered to drink to him. His reply is known.

The silence which followed his speech was so utter that one may have heard a feather fall; and then some one, I know not who, laughed shortly. The sound brought me to myself, and in a fury, hardly knowing what I was doing, I jumped up and drew my dagger, but was instantly seized by Colonna and Hawkwood. The latter was a man of great size, and between him and Colonna I was helpless.

"Give him rope," whispered Hawkwood, and his voice was kind, "this is not an affair to be settled with a poniard thrust."

The whole room was in an uproar now, all

crowding around us; D'Entraques half risen from his seat, his hand on his sword, and I quivering in the grasp of my kind enemies. Old Ives d'Allegre rushed forward. "Silence, gentlemen!" he called out, "remember I command here. Savelli, give up that dagger; D'Entraques, your sword. Now, gentlemen, words have been used which blood alone cannot wash out. M. d'Entraques, I await your explanation!"

"Liar!" I shouted out, "you will give it to me at the sword's point," and big Hawkwood's restraining arms tightened over me. "Thanks," replied D'Entraques, "you remember the sword at last; a moment before I saw in your hands your natural weapon."

"A truce to this, sir! I await you," interrupted D'Allegre.

"Your pardon," said D'Entraques. "Gentlemen, you want an explanation. It is simple enough. We have a thief in our midst, and he is there."

"A thief?—Di Savelli!" called out a dozen voices, and Ives d'Allegre said: "Impossible! you are mad, D'Entraques."

"No more, sir, than you, or anyone of us here. I confess, though, I thought I was mad when I first knew of it, for this man has been my comrade, we have fought side by side, and he has borne himself as a gallant soldier. I thought I was mad, I say, when I first knew of this; but the proofs are too strong."

"What are they?" D'Allegre spoke very shortly.

"You shall have them. You all know there have been a series of unaccountable thefts amongst us lately. The duchess's rubies have gone. Hardly a lady but has lost some valuable, my wife, amongst other things, a bracelet. The thief did not confine his attentions to the fair sex; but visited us men as well. They were not common thefts. From the circumstances attending them, the robber must have known us intimately, and had easy access to our quarters. Up to now the matter has been a mystery. A lot of people have been wrongly suspected, and two poor wretches are now swinging on the gibbet, condemned for nothing that I know of."

"It was done by my orders, sir," said D'Allegre, "the matter is beside the point."

"I stand corrected, general. Some little time ago a fortunate chance revealed to me who the culprit was. I made no sign, but set to work until complete proofs were in my hands."

"You have said so before. Why beat about the bush? If you have proofs, produce them."

"At a moment, sir. May I ask any of you to state what your most recent losses have been?"

"My medallion by Cimaube," put in Visconti, in his drawing voice.

"Fifty fat gold crowns in a leather bag," grumbled Hawkwood, "the residue of Abbot Basilio's ransom. God send such another prize to me, for I know not how to pay my lances."

There was a little laugh at Hawkwood's mood, but it soon stilled, and, one by one, each man stated his latest loss.

"Gentlemen, you interrupt M. D'Entraques. Let us end this painful scene."

"There is but one thing more, sir. I ask you now to have this," D'Entraques indicated me with an insolent look—"this person's quarters searched."

Whilst he was speaking, D'Allegre gave a whispered order to a young officer, who left the room immediately, although with a somewhat discontented air at being sent away. As D'Entraques finished, the door was opened, a couple of files of Swiss infantry entered, and with them Braccio Forabacchio, our provost-marshal. At a sign from D'Allegre one of the files surrounded me, the other D'Entraques, and Braccio called out in a loud voice: "Ugo di Savelli, and Crepin D'Entraques, I arrest you in the king's name!"

"At your service, provost," said D'Entraques, with a bow, "my sword is already given up. May I ask, sir," he continued, turning to Allegre, "if you will put my proofs to the test?"

"At once," provost, lead your prisoners to M. di Savelli's quarters."

"Thank God!" The expression burst from me, so great was my relief. I was sure of being acquitted, and Madame or the following day, should kill D'Entraques the following day, even though I knew Tremouille had sworn to hang the next man caught duelling within the jurisdiction of his camp. We were, as I have stated, at Arezzo, and had passed the winter there, in the valley following the expulsion of the duke of Bari from Lombardy. It had, however, become necessary to menace the pope, who was hilt deep in intrigue as well as crime, and Tremouille leaving Monsignore d'Amboise in Milan, marched south, and with the aid of our Florentine allies held the Borgis and Spain in check. Acting under the advice of Trevulzio, Ives d'Allegre, and others, the duke had not entered the town; but kept us in camp near Giove, outside the walls. The gates of the city and the citadel were, however, at the same time strongly garrisoned, and Trevulzio held command within. It was all the more urgent to keep the main body of the troops outside the walls, as they were composed, with the exception of a few French regiments, mainly of mercenaries, and by holding the town with picked men, upon whom he could rely, Tremouille would be able, in case of any change of front on the part of his mercenaries, to have them between two fires.

Ives d'Allegre, who then acted as lieutenant general to the duke, was immediately in command of the camp, and had fixed his headquarters in a large villa, the property of the Accolti, and it was here that the supper, which ended so disastrously for me, was given. My quarters were but a bow-shot or two away, in the direction of the town. When we reached them I was surprised to find at the door my servant Tarbes in the hands of two of the marshal's men, a half troop of French lancers drawn up before my tent, and my own small condottia of four lances, which I had raised for the war by pawning my last acre, all under guard. As if any attempt at rescue were possible, I saw in a moment that this accounted for

D'Entraques' late arrival at the supper, but entered the tent sure of the results. A dozen blazing torches threw a clear enough light, and D'Allegre briefly requested the provost to begin the search. The practiced hands of the field police did this very effectively, but to no purpose, and I felt that the faces of all were looking friendly towards me. D'Entraques seemed nervous, and his sallow cheek was pale.

"Send for Tarbes," he said, and at a word from the provost my knave was led in. This man was a Spaniard, whom I had taken into my service, some little while ago, on the recommendation of D'Entraques. Except on one occasion when he lost, or maybe stole, a pair of silver spurs, for which I cuffed him roundly, he had served me well. At the present moment he seemed overcome with fear, trembled in every limb, and refused to look at me.

"Signor Tarbes," said the provost, "do you know what the wheel is?"

The man made no answer, and Braccio went on:

"Signor Tarbes, we want a little information which I am persuaded you possess. If you give it freely we will be merciful; if you prevaricate, if you attempt to conceal anything, we will do to you what we did to the death hunters after San Miniato—you remember?"

"Speak freely, Tarbes. There is no fear," I added.

"Even your master, the excellent cavaliere, advises you, and I must say advises you well," continued Braccio. "Signor Tarbes, you will now show us," and he rubbed his hands together softly, "where the valiant knight, Ugo di Savelli, keeps his prize of war, the spoils of his bow and spear—I was going to say fin—"

"Have a care, sir," said D'Allegre, sternly, "you are here to do your duty, not to play the jester." Braccio shrunk back at his look, and the general turned to Tarbes: "In brief, we want to know, if your master, M. di Savelli, has any concealed property here? Will you answer at once, or do you prefer to be put to the question?"

"I will speak—say anything, my lord—only have mercy. I swear what I say is true. His excellency, my master, has nothing beyond what you have seen—and what lies in the leather valise under this rug."

Now this rug in question lay flat on the turf, on which my tent stood, and at the time of the search D'Allegre and others were standing on it. Owing to this, and to the crowded state of the tent, it had hitherto escaped the attention which it would doubtless have received sooner or later, for nothing ever passed Braccio's eyes. In a moment the rug was swept aside, and, as the torches were held to the turf, it was evident that it had been dug away and then replaced somewhat carelessly.

Braccio was in his element.

"Pah!" he exclaimed, "a dummy amateur after all! I thought better of his valor. Here! give me a pike! And hold the torches so!"

With the sharp point of the pike he quickly cleared away the turf, and stooped

down, lifted up from the hole he exposed a small brown valise, which had been concealed in the earth. The interest was now intense. Everyone crowded round Braccio. Even the vigilance of the guards over me completely relaxed. I felt a touch on my shoulder, and, looking back, saw Hawkwood.

"Would you like to go?" he whispered, rapidly. "My horse is ready saddled—you know where to find him."

I thanked him with a look, but shook my head, and the giant fell back.

"Shall I break it open, excellency?" and Braccio held the bag out to D'Allegre.

"My master has the key," put in Tarbes; "I know no more."

"I—the key?" I exclaimed. "Villain, the bag is not mine!"

"It bears your arms, however," Braccio pointed to a little metal plate on which they were distinctly engraved.

"You must, I am afraid, submit to the further indignity of being searched," said D'Allegre.

There was no hope in resistance, and I endured this. Braccio himself searched me, and almost as soon as he began pulled from an inner pocket of my vest a small key, attached to a fine gold chain.

"Here is the noble knight's key," he exclaimed, "and see, it fits exactly!" He turned it in the lock, opened the valise and emptied the contents out on a rough camp table.

A low murmur went up, for amongst the small heap of articles were Hawkwood's leather bag, and Madame's bracelet, whilst something rolled a little on one side, and fell off softly to the turf. A soldier picked it up, and placed it face upwards on the table—the lost medallion.

One by one D'Allegre held up the articles sally, and I looked round in my agony on the faces of those who but an hour ago were my friends. They had all shrunk back from me, and I was alone within the circle of the guards. D'Entraques stood with folded arms, and a smile on his lips, and Tarbes glanced from side to side, like an ape seeking chance for escape. I looked towards Hawkwood, but even his face was hard and set.

"I do not see the duchess's rubies here," said D'Allegre.

"I am prepared to produce them to-morrow," replied D'Entraques; "in the meantime, I trust you have sufficient proof."

"Give M. d'Entraques his sword. You need not fight this man," D'Allegre added, pointing to me, "even if he challenges you. Were you a French subject," he said to me, "I would hang you in your boots; as it is, I will submit the case to the duke. D'Entraques, I hold you to your word about the rubies. Provost, see that your prisoner is carefully guarded. You will answer for him with your life."

"Prisoner, your excellency! There are two."

"I have restored M. d'Entraques his sword."

"There is still another," and the provost pointed to Tarbes.

"Pah!" exclaimed D'Allegre, "hang him out of hand—come, gentlemen!"

One by one they went out. Not another look did they give me. I heard the tread of feet, and the sound of voices in eager conversation, dying out in the distance. I stood as in a dream. Tarbes had been dragged away speechless, and half fainting. When he was outside he found voice, and I heard him alternately cursing D'Allegre and D'Entraques and screaming for mercy. Braccio touched me on the arm.

"Come, signore," he said, "you, at any rate, have a few hours left."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

JAPANESE HUMOR.

Some Stray Samples of It That Have Been Found in the Newspapers.

The Japanese newspapers make nearly as much use of jokes as the American press and, in spite of the differences of languages and customs, American jokes are thoroughly enjoyed by the Japs when translated into their tongue.

An example of Japanese humor is the story of two deaf men who, meeting each other one morning, indulged in this dialogue:

First Deaf Man—Good morning. Are you going to buy sake (rice wine)?

Second Deaf Man—Oh, excuse me; I thought you were going to buy sake.

A toper, feeling "headachy" after a spree, had fallen asleep. He dreamed that he had found a sack of sake and licked his chops before tasting it. "How delicious!" he exclaimed. "It would be proper to report the find at police headquarters, but a windfall like this sakes—no! no! Well, shall I take a glass? No, there will be nothing lost by waiting until I warm it. He was just going to set it to warm when the midday gun awoke him, whereupon he ruefully exclaimed: "Oh, what a pity it was I did not drink it cold!"

Another story is about a dog:

"You told me that when a dog barked he would leave off if one wrote 'tiger' on his palm and kept his fist clinched."

"A European dog flew at me as I was coming home late last night. So I stuck my fist out and just look how I got bitten."

"Oh! Probably it was a dog who had not yet learned Japanese writing."

In the Pursuit of Fashion.—Two young men having met in front of a haberdasher's shop, one of them waved his hand and cried out:

"I have much to say, but business calls me home. I must put off the conversation for a few days, when I will see you at your house."

The other asked him what this business might be; whether any of his family had been taken ill.

"Oh, no," replied the first young man. "I have been getting a kerchief which my wife commissioned me to buy. The reason why I said I couldn't stop is that it would be an awful thing for her to fall behind the fashion while I was loitering on the way."—Chicago Chronicle.

Cornwall's Buried Treasure.

The fortune of a Croesus lies buried under the sands and rocks near Gunwalloe, in the Lizard district of Cornwall. In 1574 a Spanish ship, bearing a freight of \$17,000,000 and many bars of gold to London for safe custody that could not be found in Spain, was wrecked amid the sand and rocks some distance from the shore—a cruel, murderous-looking shore. This more than a fortune has been buried since.

A part of the treasure was once secured by an enterprising Cornishman (the government claiming its toll), and more than one band of speculators has tried to rob the sea of its spoil and has been defeated by the great Atlantic rollers and driven home out of pocket, but yet not without hope. There is some talk of making another search for this hidden wealth; but Cornishmen have been so bitten in many ventures that they may well button up their pockets.—London Outlook.

An Appreciative Reader.

Thomas Scott, the celebrated commentator on the Bible, published an edition of Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress with explanatory notes. A copy of this work he benevolently presented to one of his poor parishioners. Meeting him soon after, Mr. Scott inquired whether he had read it.

"Yes, sir," was the enthusiastic reply. "Do you think you understand it?"

"Oh, yes, sir," the parishioner answered, with the unexpected and disappointing addition, "and I hope before long I shall understand the notes."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A Paper of Tacks.

We all regret to-day what we did yesterday. Will we regret the day after to-morrow, what we do to-morrow? Is it not the only safe way to do nothing at all?

Life is a sad riddle. There is, at last, only one way out—to give it up.

A hog may act the part of a man without knowing it. A man can never act the part of a hog without knowing it.—Hardware.

Quack-Quack!

Great Editor—Why in the world don't you advertise your address in the newspapers?

Eminent Physician—People would think me a quack. Why don't you sign your name to the articles you write for your paper?

Great Editor—People would think me a goose.—N. Y. Weekly.

A Double Portion.

"She married him to spite a girl friend."

"But she afterwards divorced him."

"Yes; that was to enable him to marry the same girl friend and enjoy more spite."—Philadelphia North-American.

"He Laughs Best Who Laughs Last."

A hearty laugh indicates a degree of good health obtainable through pure blood. As but one person in ten has pure blood, the other nine should purify the blood with Hood's Sarsaparilla. Then they can laugh first, last and all the time, for

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Never Disappoints

STORY SOUNDED WELL.

But There Was Reason to Believe That It Was Not Wholly True.

"When I first went west," tells a retired business man, who now does nothing in the way of work except to mow the lawn and see that the cat is in the barn at night, "this maimed hand, at once I recalled that 'he that so' asked the visiting neighbor, who knew that this form of invitation would be sufficient to insure the story."

"Yes, that's right. If I hadn't lost that first finger when I was a boy I wouldn't be here now. Jim Dixon and me were trading with the Indians. We exchanged beads, fake jewelry and bright knives for furs. All the buffalo were not gone then and we did a good business. One time we happened to strike a wandering band of savages that held us up on sight and it was plain from the way the red devils danced around us that we were to be put to death after the Indian fashion. All at once I recalled that a good many of the Indians knew me as the 'four-fingered' trader who was always on the level with those wild merchants, so I held up the hand and kept it up till one of the young bucks let out a significant grunt and then hurried to the chief in command. He came to me in a dignified manner, examined the hand, grunted about 10 times while deliberating, and 'How,' and released me as well as my partner. We were treated right up to the handle and permitted to depart when we wanted to. It was the closest squeak and the worst scare I had out in that country when near calls and heart-failure frights were the rule."

"Brave man," said one neighbor to another, as they walked away.

"Yes, regular big injury, if you accept all he tells. Between me and you he lost that finger two years ago while examining a hay cutter."—Detroit Free Press.

VERY OBLIGING.

He Was Willing to Give the Vocalist a Good Hard Shove.

The young man who sings loud and long was interrupted by a tap at the door of his apartment.

"Excuse me," said the tall, thin stranger, "I am sorry to intrude. I occupy the flat under you, and I have come up to inquire if you are the gentleman who sings ballads."

"Yes," was the answer, with the air of a man who is modest, but cannot deny the truth. "Are you fond of music?"

"I don't know that I am, but you would call loud of it. At the same time I haven't anything particular against it. I am very much affected by some things I hear."

"That amounts to the same thing as being fond of it," was the answer, in a tone of soothing encouragement.

"I have been wondering if I caught the words of your favorite song correctly. Let me see."

"How often, oh, how often, Have I wished that the ebbing tide Would bear me away on its bosom To the ocean wild and wide."

Is that right?"

"Yes, it's all right, according to my recollection. Is that one of the pieces you are affected by?"

"Yes, I have been affected by that for hours at a time. It has drawn me irresistibly to you. It has filled me with a yearning to do something that would make you sadder. And I think I am sure that if you'll come down to the river with me any evening I'll pay your car fare and hire a boat and give you a good start on the first ebbing tide scheduled. And I don't mind saying that the tide will be just what you better'll be satisfied."—Washington Star.

Not So Bad.

"How did the family come out in the matter of settling the estate?" was asked of one of the brothers.

"Might have been worse, but we finally succeeded in effecting a compromise, with our lawyer by which he agreed to let us have half."—Detroit Free Press.

Family Pride.

The Husband—But we can't afford to keep a carriage.

The Wife—I know we can't, but I want to show that stuck up Mrs. Brown that we can have things we can't afford just as well as they can.—N. Y. Journal.

Knew His Capacity. "Poor Bilkins is dead. He drank 14 gallons of straight whiskey, 14 high balls and 14 cups of tea, before he died last night." "Is that so? What was the cause of his death?"—Chicago Times-Herald.

Fact in Physiology.—"They say a man who turns pale when he gets mad is the most dangerous." "I guess that is so. A man who is scared nearly out of his boots will put up an awful fight."—Indianapolis Journal.

Huntley